

ABILENE REFLECTOR

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MATERNITY.

I hold two dainty little feet
Clasped in my arms and loving hand;
So soft and pink they were must be
Two roses blown from fairy land.

I hold a wee and helpless form
Prested close to my happy heart—
Way, baby—mine by right divine,
The right of pain—a mother's part.

Oh! beautiful life so fair and new,
That yesterday was blent with mine!
Oh! wondrous soul so lately sprung
A spark from the Source Divine!

God's priceless gifts, you come to me
Embraced in this little form;
My soul accepts its happiness
As flowing the sunbeams and warm.

My brow seems decked by coronet
The fairest earth has ever seen—
The diadem of motherhood—
The Nature's hand that crowns me queen.

What realms are opened to my sight!
I tread the realm of the best;
And all because this little form
Lies fair and helpless on my breast.

A tiny bud, whose flower complete
May bloom to me the best;
Oh! motherhood! you hold a bliss
That best may be expressed in tears.

—Carrie Stevens Butler, in the *Reflector*.

OLD PAUL.

The Mysterious Room, and What
Its Opening Revealed.

Old Paul is dead, and who cares? No body. For Old Paul was a sloven, a glutton and a drunkard, and when he died the world said good riddance from poor rubbish. Still, Old Paul made a most respectable appearance as he passed through the village on his way to the graveyard, the most respectable he had made in it for twenty years. For, instead of his broken-down horse, in a harness tied together with strings, Old Paul was drawn by stately white horses in rich trappings, and instead of his crazy old wagon, with rickety wheels and splintered shafts, Old Paul's carriage, though for some reason fore like to ride in it, was in every way respectable. Nor was the poor old man visible, with his slovenly dress and bloodshot eyes and burning face, and grizzled, shaggy beard, for Old Paul had a driver, and rode inside, and instead of the crowd of ragged boys that were wont to follow him, deeming it rare sport to see humbuggery so low, Old Paul was followed by a long and most respectable funeral train, for he had many relations, though no friends, and they were all most respectfully dressed in mourning, though in all the sable crowd that stood around the open grave I saw not one quivering lip or falling tear as the first earth clouds fell upon the coffin's lid.

Old Paul's wife left him ten years ago, and the world excused her for it, for, how, said the world, could any woman live with such a brute? But old Aunt Prudence shook her head at this off-hand verdict of the world. For she remembered that he was once young, dashing Paul, and Polly Jones, proud and handsome as she was, met him more than half way, as the gossip said fifty years ago, for he was rich and she was poor.

"And if the truth must be known," said Aunt Prudence, knocking the ashes from her pipe and lowering her voice to a confidential tone, as if afraid of being overheard by some tenant of the graveyard, "they do say," forgetting that the tongues once busy with such gossip, all except her own, had long been silent in the grave, "they do say that Paul married for beauty and money, and, as you know, as old Billy Bain down at the poorhouse says, life's wagon will go hard when there is no love to grease the wheels."

Yes, gold had dazzled and blinded the one and beauty had dazzled and blinded the other, but they soon waked up, the one to the fact that for gold she had bound her life to a coarse and brutal nature, and the other to the fact that beauty, like frostwork glittering in moonlight, may be brilliant and at the same time freezing cold.

"How shockingly they have abused them pans," said Old Paul's wife the day after he was buried, on returning to the house that had been her home for more than thirty years, where her children had all been born and most of them had died.

Old Paul was, indeed, a brute, and he was well mated with one who, under such circumstances, could think of such petty trash.

But three short weeks had passed when I heard that Old Paul's wife was sick, the next day worse and the third day dead, and she passed over the same road drawn by the same richly caparisoned horses in the same much dreaded carriage, to be laid by Old Paul's side.

One day I chanced to take a walk down by Old Paul's house. The spring was in its glory. The forests were clad in richest verdure. The apple trees were in full bloom and filled the air with fragrance, while the bees feeding upon their blossoms filled it with a dreamy murmur. The corn was just peeping from the ground and the rye fields began to wave in the passing breeze. The meadows were vocal with

The bobolink's clear thrilling strain
Of liquid sweet.

The ground birds were singing in the hedges and the robins from the trees that overhung the road.

As I approached the house I noticed horses tied to the posts and groups of men standing about the doors, and heaps of old furniture scattered here and there, which reminded me that it was auction day.

It was a large, old-fashioned square house, with two ancient elms growing before it, spreading their giant branches far and wide.

In their thick, damp shade the moss had accumulated year after year until the whole front had grown quite green. There was everywhere an air of dilapidation and neglect. On all sides there were broken boards, rag-stuffed windows, rickety fences and fallen gates, proclaiming the habitation of the drunkard.

On looking around I found everything in conformity with the first view from the road. Fields half cultivated, fruit trees unpruned, fences that had caught the habits of their master and had fallen or were staggering to their fall, gates hanging by one hinge, plows with broken handles and carts with broken wheels, manure accumulated about the barns instead of making the crops look "lush and lusty." The barns themselves, ventilated by loss of boards, in the shed Old Paul's wagon, and tied to a post his old horse, apparently looking mournfully forward to his future prospects in the hands of the jockey who had bought him for ten dollars on speculation.

"Going, going at ten cents," I heard in a harsh, husky voice, "all this lot of pans, once the pride of Aunt Polly's heart, bran new only twenty years ago, going, going and gone to Patrick McFadden for ten cents."

Ten cents, then, was the public valuation of what had occupied the thoughts of Old Paul's wife, to the exclusion of all the tender memories of fifty years, as she returned to her old home.

At length the house was all cleared except one room.

This room Old Paul had kept locked for twenty years, never permitting any one to enter it but himself. A jury of neighboring gossips had more than once had the subject under advisement, and had brought a unanimous verdict of "strange and very mysterious."

As no one knew anything about it, every one felt free to say just what they fancy suggested. Some said it was haunted, and one cadaverous old maid, who had died in single blessedness, threw out dark hints about a peddler who had mysteriously disappeared. Some said lights had been seen and strangely sweet music heard there more than once at the dead of night.

The children caught the infection, and, if possible, avoided passing Old Paul's house in the night, but, if at any time they were forced to pass, they would add wings to their feet and eyes to their imaginations, and a ghost story was sure to be the result, especially if Old Paul's white horse was feeding near the house.

This room also seemed to possess a strange power over Old Paul himself. He seldom visited it, and always left it greatly agitated and commonly in tears, and after such visits he had been known to be sober for weeks together.

This mystery, whatever it might be, was now about to be cleared up. A group of eager gossips had already gathered about the door, which had to be forced, as the key could not be found. One of the shutters, which Old Paul always kept closed, was opened to let in the light of day, and with it all that mystery vanished. Instead of a haunt for the rovers of spirits of darkness or murder spots that "would not out," we saw only a large square room, furnished with an air of gentility and taste that the dust of twenty years could not hide, and in strange contrast with the rest of the house.

The mystery had vanished, and with it all that morbid hilarity. Even the Indiana, New York and Ohio. The "golden stream from Stephenson's bank" and the "crisp new two-dollar bills" will not soon be forgotten.

As Chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the Forty-eighth Congress, Mr. Randall kept up the reputation of the Democracy as the advocates of honest expenditures and economical appropriations and paved the way for the election of a Democratic President last year.

Speaker Carlisle has now before him a grave and heavy responsibility. On economy in appropriations and honesty in expenditures the Democratic party has been restored to power, and the confidence of the people. While the appropriation bills were under Mr. Randall's supervision there was no danger of retrogression. But Speaker Carlisle, through the scattering of these bills, has now to find eight Randall for Chairman of Committees instead of one or two Representatives, instead of one who will exercise over the appropriations the same watchfulness, economy and firmness displayed by the Chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the last Congress.

No doubt Mr. Carlisle will seek to get the committees which will now have to report on the appropriations bills in addition to their other duties into honest and capable hands. No doubt, the chairman of all the committees among which the appropriations are to be scattered, will seek to do good and honest work. The question is, will they be able to do such work effectively, without possessing that knowledge of the whole mass of appropriations asked and of the amount to be appropriated which a single committee could command?

If the policy of crippling the Appropriations Committee's power, which has been wisely and beneficially used, should destroy the Democracy's power for strict economy, it will be disastrous to its authors.—N. Y. World.

CONGRESSMAN BELMONT.
Why the Friends of the "Plumed Knight" Are Fiercely Mad at the "Young Polo Player" from New York.

With signal fatuity the followers of James G. Blaine expose their sores by making an outcry against Perry Belmont's receiving the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. They will never forgive him for having made a spectacle of Mr. Blaine when he appeared as a witness before the Committee on Foreign Affairs in 1882.

It is easy for Mr. Reed, of Maine, to say that Belmont achieved prominence only "when a great man like Blaine condescended to wipe his boots upon him," but the fact remains that Belmont came out of the encounter with honor, while Blaine's reputation received a serious and permanent injury already so darkly spotted. Through his examination in that investigation Mr. Belmont played the part of a bully and braggart, and continually sought to evade incriminating himself by insulting his examiners. Instead of answering pertinent questions he delivered tirades against the pertinence and boyhood of Mr. Belmont.

But the young member of Congress stuck to his points with a dogged persistence that provoked Mr. Belmont to a pitiable rage. One thing Mr. Belmont could not ascertain, and that was what became of some of the records of the State Department relating to the Chili-Peru affair, which had disappeared. They have never been turned up, and until they do Mr. Belmont must rest under the suspicion of having spirited them away with the same purpose as induced him to appropriate the Mulligan letters.

That investigation, in which Mr. Belmont was held upon the griddle of cross-examination by the "young polo player," disclosed the fact that as Secretary of State he had sought to take advantage of the war between Chili and Peru to further the settlement of a baseless private claim. To this end he dismissed a faithful minister and appointed one after his own heart who took with him two sets of instructions. For more than six months "the most pressing service" of American diplomacy in South America was prostituted to the benefit of a private claim; and the ultimatum of the United States represented to be that by treaty of peace should there be a cessation of territory to Chili, Peru, in disregard of the rights of Mr. Landreau, an alleged American citizen.

Throughout the investigation Mr. Belmont showed a familiarity with the subject and a grasp of the principles in foreign relations remarkable in so young a man. He has had two years' experience since on the committee of

THE "ECONOMY" RECORD.

What the Democratic Party Has Done in This Line for Ten Years Past—Its Present Duty.

The State Administration of Governor Tilden in 1875 first turned the tide of public sentiment in favor of Democratic rule.

In 1878 an expiring Congress on its last day, with a Senate having only seventeen Democrats out of seventy-four members and a House containing one hundred and five Democrats out of two hundred and forty-three members, had passed the Salary-Grab bill, which boldly took nine hundred and seventy-two thousand dollars out of the Treasury and divided it among the Senators and Representatives for two years' increase of back pay, or from March 4, 1871, up to the date of the passage of the bill. While several Democrats had been weak enough to vote for the iniquitous bill, the responsibility was clearly with the Republican majority.

In 1874 Governor Tilden was elected on a platform demanding economy and honesty in public expenditures, and he at once commenced the work of cutting down expenses and cutting off rascals.

In 1876 the Democratic National platform declared: "Reform is necessary in the scale of public expenses," showing that in ten years of Republican rule taxation had risen from sixty million dollars to four hundred and fifty million dollars, or from five dollars per head to more than eighteen dollars per head, and said: "We demand a rigorous frugality in every department and from every officer of the Government." Mr. Tilden was elected by the people on this platform, although cheated out of the office by politicians.

In 1880 the Democratic National Convention based the claim of its candidates to the support of the people mainly on the ground of "the honesty and thrift of a Democratic Congress," which had reduced the public expenditure \$40,000,000 a year.

Samuel J. Randall was Speaker of the Forty-fourth Congress for a part of the term and of the Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Congresses up to March 3, 1881.

In 1880 Hancock was only defeated by the unscrupulous use of money by the Republicans and by scarcely concealed corruption of the ballot-box in Indiana, New York and Ohio. The "golden stream from Stephenson's bank" and the "crisp new two-dollar bills" will not soon be forgotten.

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Throughout the investigation Mr. Belmont showed a familiarity with the subject and a grasp of the principles in foreign relations remarkable in so young a man. He has had two years' experience since on the committee of

which he has been appointed Chairman, and in all his acts has proved himself a far more active and intelligent man than his ex-Chairman—ex-Governor Curtin. This, to be sure, is not very high praise, for superiority over the war Governor of Pennsylvania does not necessarily indicate superiority for such a post. But in certain quarters Belmont will never be forgiven for baiting the bull of Maine until he flourished his tail in the air and belittled like a calf.—Chicago News.

DEMOCRATIC MINORITY.

The Duty of Vigorously Upholding President Cleveland's Nominations—Devotion to Party Principle with the Popular Encouragement.

Next in importance to the approaching discussion of the silver question will be the debates which we are told the Republican Senators will direct against President Cleveland's nominations.

The fact that the White House is now inhabited by a Democrat has made no change in the feelings of those gentlemen as to their responsibilities under the Constitution. They must still address the President upon certain questions just as though he were a pure-blooded Republican, and give their consent to his proceedings as they think fit.

But what is expected to make a peculiar stir among the Republicans while debating the new candidates for office, and to produce an energetic and solid exhibition of eloquence, will be their conclusion that they are the special keepers of the Civil-Service law and the appointed promoters of its spirit and extension. It was invented and sustained by their party, and they must look after its interests; and the way to do this will be to keep the Republicans in and prevent the representatives of the Democrats from taking their places.

It will devolve upon the Democratic Senators, in the event of such an attempt, to resist it with the greatest vigor and indignation. Besides sustaining the action of the President by following this course, they will be battling for one of the most fundamental principles of Democracy. This is that the people have the right, through their proper representatives, to choose their own agents of Government, and that the expressed wishes of a popular majority must be fully and faithfully observed. It was the intention of the Democratic majority in 1884 to take the control of the Government from the Republicans into their own hands; and this desire must be respected now and further by every justifiable exertion possible on the part of the Democratic Representatives.

The fact that Mr. Cleveland regards himself as in some way the chosen Magistrate of the people, and in consequence as not holding precisely the same relations to the Democracy as Democrats elected by narrower constituencies, should not lessen a whit the intensity of that party's Senators in their devotion to its principles, or weaken their determination to stand immovably for their party's rights against the assaults of its enemies. They must fight for the Democracy and against the humbug pretensions of the Republicans at every opportunity that is afforded.

In such a contest they will have the people at their back.—N. Y. Sun.

Free and Equal.

General Logan's new bill for the appointment of a commission to investigate and report on the "mental, industrial and physical progress made by the colored race since 1865," is a measure which should be suppressed. It is an outgrowth of the idea that the negro is in some sense a ward of the Nation, and indicates on the part of its author an indisposition to recognize the fact that the negro is a citizen as free and independent as any white man, and entitled to no one but himself for his ruler.

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A TERRIBLE CONFESSION.

A Physician Presents Some Startling Facts.

The following story—which is attracting wide attention from the press—is so remarkable that we can not excuse ourselves if we do not lay it before our readers entire:

To the Editor of the *Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat*.—On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have stood at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, and weighed over 200 pounds, and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who read this statement realize at times they are unusually tired and can not account for it. They feel dull pains in various parts of the body and do not understand why. Or they are exceedingly hungry and eat without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. I had thought nothing of it, probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a heavy, and at times scummy, discharge from the eye, and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet, even as a physician, I did not think that these meant anything serious. I fancied I was suffering from malaria and doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and another persistent frothy and scummy discharge upon the surface, and a sediment settled. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeking these symptoms curiously, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the kidneys or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I can not understand!

I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the famous mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of many of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms of my malady, which were developed into terrible and constant disorders. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 150 pounds. My life was a burden to myself and friends. I could retain no food on my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncommonly full and strong. I frequently fell to the floor and clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine I used in large quantities, but it did not relieve my suffering. For six days and nights I had the death-premonitory hiccoughs constantly! My water was filled with tubercles and pus. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the kidneys in its last stages!

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, at that time rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures of cases like my own which had come under his observation. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I derived the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being the least beneficial. So, however, I was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice. I began to take the case of June 1, 1881, and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for one in my debilitated condition. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I derived the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being the least beneficial. So, however, I was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice. 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